

THE CHANUTE TIMES.

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CHANUTE, KANSAS.

KANSAS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

According to orders, school books must be sold for cash in Kansas this year.

Michael Rainaker, of Pawnee county is dying from injuries received by sliding from a load of hay upon a pitchfork.

The Conway Mercantile Company of Conway, McPherson county, has been incorporated. It will do a general mercantile business.

Deductions in the office of the county clerk show that the actual debt of Newton is between \$23 and \$24 per capita—less than \$25 for every man, woman and child in the city.

A young man hired a fine horse and buggy in St. Paul Neosho county, recently, and drove off with it. He sold the buggy and harness in Parsons, but he and the horse have not been overtaken.

Now that the Wellington waterworks have been shut down by eastern capitalists, the people of that town denounce the original ordinance granting the franchise a scheme, fraud and robbery, secured by bribery.

The broomcorn harvest of the belt where that product is raised extensively has begun, and the fields are filled with workers this week. There are thousands of acres that will produce little or nothing because of the dry weather, and there are many that will be shortened. The early planting on the uplands is particularly injured, and there is much discouragement among the Swedes and Mennonites, who depend on this crop.

Great excitement prevails in the vicinity of White Church and Piper, two small villages in Wyandotte county, on the Northwestern road, and a battle between the villagers and a gang of tramps is expected at any time. A few days ago the tramps and farmers of Piper had a fight and one tramp was shot and badly injured. Later some of them returned and attempted to set fire to a farm house but were driven off. At the same time they posted notices on gates warning the farmers that they are to be burned out. Six armed men patrol the county roads now with a well arranged signal system and vigilant watch is kept for the tramps.

The Santa Fe railway freight department is experiencing the greatest rush of business in the history of the road. The movement of fruit from California and grain from Kansas has never been so great and every available car fit for shipping is being pressed into service. Last week and a few weeks previous the company was doing a rushing business in potatoes and live stock, but the big end of the potato rush is over now, while the live stock business is again normal. The fruit which the Santa Fe is hauling comes from northern California and consists principally of plums, grapes and peaches. The bulk of it goes to Chicago and other eastern cities. All of the cars are re-iced at Argentine, and the company has a big force of men engaged in this work. A dispatch from Argentine says they have never experienced such a rush in fruit shipments. Men are working day and night, and have broken the record by icing a car of fruit in four minutes. In twenty-four hours ending at noon August 14 sixty-five cars of fruit had been received in the Argentine yards.

The banks of Franklin county have on deposit more than half a million dollars and the greater part of it belongs to the farmers.

A miserable impostor is working his game in Kansas towns, selling a salve which he guarantees to cure warts. All sensible people know that the only way to remove a wart is to rub it with half a potato which is afterward to be buried by a cross-eyed negro in the northwest corner of a graveyard at midnight, during the dark of the moon.

A new preacher in Pleasanton broke up a long established custom by a significant utterance after the usual prayer which followed his sermon. He said: "Those of the congregation who did not get their things on during the prayer can do so while I pronounce the benediction."

A Shawnee county man determined that he would view the late eclipse of the sun without smoked glass. He did so, but for a day he saw nothing but eclipses wherever he looked and his sight is still impaired.

Ed Howe says that old people are often fretful and seemingly unreasonable because they are sick. The young should remember this. After a man is seventy years old, he is simply a lot of decaying matter waiting for burial.

Another train will be put on the Oberlin branch. This new arrangement is called for by the increased business of the line. One train will handle all through freight and express. The other will take care of local freight. Both trains will carry passengers.

Atchison is preparing for its corn carnival.

Salina is kicking against the Santa Fe's fast mail.

Newton ladies give good old fashioned quilting bees.

The slaughter of plover in the short grass country is immense.

James Long, near the town of Jennings, was killed by lightning recently.

The state officers have been invited to attend the Neosho Falls old soldiers reunion.

Dwight Fowler, formerly of Newton, was drowned near Dyes, Alaska, while trying to ford a stream.

Listen to an old man talk and you will hear him lie about the great amounts of money he made when he was young.

Agents taking pictures for art firms to enlarge, have been receiving part pay in advance and swindling people in Eastern Kansas.

Plums are so plentiful in the neighborhood of Garden City that children can make \$1 a day at picking them, at 4 cents per basket.

Madison Staley of Ottawa, who was killed in a bicycle accident last spring, carried \$20,000 life insurance, and his wife has just received the first payment.

The state board of railroad commissioners has been requested by J. A. Mosher of Rydal, Republic county, to order the Rock Island to establish a telegraph office at that point.

A western Kansan, having been deserted by a rich woman, whom he had married, is suing her for a year's support. The poor fellow thus thrown on the world, has no wife to provide for him.

An Ottawa married couple have frequent quarrels. The wife often dreams of mice and screams like a creamery whistle. This awakens the husband so suddenly that his nerves become all crimped and jerky.

Hazleton has made a proposition to its eastern stockholders to compromise the bonds issued ten years ago, and maturing in 1897, for \$15,000, declaring that the city will be forced to repudiate the debt if the creditors will not let up.

The G. A. R. post at Sabetha is talking of digging for the buried cannon on the site of the old fort at Lexington, on the Nemaha county line. There is an old well on the farm of E. M. Brown, near the old site of the fort, and it is supposed the gun was thrown into it.

A handsome Hutchinson young lady who has been engaged three weeks, had her fortune told recently, and said she wouldn't tell her friends what the fortune has in store for her for a million dollars. With that sum of money she might avoid it and marry a foreign count.

Here's a farmer's sure rat eradicator: Take one-half pint of sifted meal and put into it a thimbleful of camolene, such as used in families. Mix well and place in small tins or some shallow vessel in or near where the rats infest, all to be used dry, and in a short time rats will be scarce on the premises.

An Atchison paper, in recounting that Bishop Millsbaugh of Kansas was introduced to Queen Victoria during his recent visit in London, declares that Topeka has decided to make him a feature of the fall festival by standing him up somewhere and allowing the people to shake the hand that was pressed by her majesty. Here's a chance for Kansas millionaires' daughters to get a touch of high life and a royal thrill.

The latest petty thieving in the Eastern part of the state is the purloining of butter from wells, placed there for cool keeping by good farmers' wives—the fresh yellow butter, the rich Jersey butter they hang in the well.

All but two of the coal operators of the district comprised in Crawford and Cherokee counties have signed the agreement made with the executive board at Pittsburg, August 14. These are the Kansas and Texas Coal company, and the Central Coal and Coke company.

The township boards of the various townships of Johnson county met in the office of County Clerk Thomas on August 14th and unanimously petitioned the county commissioners to submit the new hedge law to the voters at the next general election for adoption or rejection. It is believed the law will be adopted by the county.

The Topeka canning factory wants 80,000 bushels of tomatoes but the dry weather prevented the tomatoes from "setting on," and the vines have just begun bearing since the rains.

Thieves stole two Windsor bicycles in Newton recently, and \$35 is offered for the return of the wheels.

A nest of thieves was found at Plema last week and three burglars are now held in the Reno county jail. They are Wm. Johnson of Ossawatimie, Tom Harris of Indiana, and Charles Smith of Springfield, Ill. The trio has been doing a big business lately, and when arrested were in possession of a large amount of goods stolen recently from a store at Sylvia. They admit having robbed the store at Sylvia.

The Winfield brass band has been camping out.

Goodland has a new cheese factory and the first output was Al.

One man at Abilene shipped more than 7,000,000 eggs to the East this year.

The Ulysses boys will give a dance in honor of the school ma'ams attending institute.

Burglars secured \$17 at Barton August 15th. The main line of the Santa Fe seems afflicted with toughs.

Young men and maidens of Burlington find rare sport in chasing jack rabbits with horses and grey hounds.

Maddox, the escaped lunatic, is still at large. He hides in the large cornfields and lives upon raw roasting-ears. The Western Building and Investment Company of Topeka has been incorporated. The capital stock is \$500,000.

The strained relations between Liberal and Hugoton, which began over base ball, may yet terminate in bloodshed or windshed.

Material has been ordered for a telephone line to connect McPherson with Mound Ridge. It will be completed in early September.

They are putting in skimming stations at Goddard, Derby and Caldwell. This will make several plants tributary to the creamery in Wichita.

A White Cloud young lady uses a big umbrella for a parachute and has lots of fun jumping from high places to entertain lady friends exclusively.

The new \$60,000 car shops erected by the Santa Fe in Topeka have been completed. The car repairing work is now being done in the new building.

A Topeka burglar entered a house, opened the pantry and ate two quarts of apple sass. Had it been two quarts of apple-jack—but perish the thought.

A Great Bend man while working in an elevator was caught in the shafting. He saved his life by clinging to a ladder, but his clothing was torn from his person.

W. W. Moore is the name of one of Newton's bicycle thieves. He borrowed a wheel for a few minutes and was caught in Emporia two days later. He is in jail.

This is the season for purloined pants to be found in the yard of mornings. It is warm enough for the proprietors of pants to sleep in them in the yard for safety.

Lee Swanson and Clarence Williams, two boys who escaped recently from the State Reform School at Topeka, have been captured near Holton and returned to the institution.

The fruit traffic, as well as the grain still continues heavy along the main line of the Santa Fe road. Of late, there scarcely has been a day when a fruit special has not gone east.

On account of the heavy movement of wheat, three new telegraph offices have been opened on the southern division of the Santa Fe. The new offices are at Wilmore and Anness on the Augusta branch, and Lawrie on the main line in Oklahoma.

One firm alone of Ford county has purchased \$40,000 worth of cattle, the surplus of the farmers in the German settlement of this county. This is a rough estimate, but is pretty near the truth. The German settlement neighbors have sold cattle to other dealers, but not to this amount. It is safe to say that the aggregate surplus of cattle sold in one year amounts to \$60,000 in a rough guess. There are not more than one hundred families in the settlement, and an even distribution of this wealth would give to each family \$600.

Seventy coaches of Kansans rolled into Kansas City one Sunday recently. That town has open saloons on Sunday.

The rush of grain from the northern and western points is so great that the Missouri Pacific yards at Atchison have been blocked for several days and it is necessary to sidetrack Central Branch freight trains a mile west of town. It takes seven switch crews to handle the business in the Missouri Pacific yards. The Central Branch shops forces are working 13 hours a day to keep the rolling stock in good order.

The attendance at the State University this year promises to pass beyond the 1200 mark.

Lots of people do not know that the buffalo grass is a grain bearer, and that the grain is better feed for stock than oats, barley, corn or wheat, but such is the fact says a Western Kansas paper. Down close to the ground the seed grows and in a much greater quantity than many people dream of. This grain is a wonderful fattener of cattle, but can only be harvested by grazing animals.

The Topeka Wholesale Grocery company has retired from business. The suspension was entirely voluntary, as the company had no debts and owned a good account at the bank when its operations ceased.

A boy of 13 was attacked by a vicious bulldog in Topeka and one of his eyelids was torn so that it laid out on his cheek. The attack was unprovoked and this, as well as other bulldog attacks, has created a strong feeling against that breed of bloodthirsty brutes.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"NARROW ESCAPES" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text, Job xix, 20:—"I Am Escaped With the Skin of My Teeth"—The Text as It May Be Applied to Our Lives in This Age of Progress.

JOH had it hard. What with boils, and bereavements, and bankruptcy, and a fool of a wife, he wished he was dead; and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cried out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens, and Doctors Good and Poole and Barnes have all tried their forces on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation, and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid, and Horace, and Solomon, and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints, Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against the inflamed face, he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but, as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance; you can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers, until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the life-boats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but after all get off—"saved as by fire."

But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out; and I want to show you if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls, and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the Cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandson joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say, "That is just what might have been expected; he always was of that turn of mind." In youth, this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At seven, he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house-roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse that he dared not ride—no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood was reckless; his mid-life very wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say, "It is not possible! You must be joking." You say, "No, I tell you the truth. He joined the church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian!" In other words, we will admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the Gospel than for others.

I may be preaching to some who have cut loose from churches, and Bibles, and Sundays, and who have no intention of becoming Christians themselves, and yet you may find yourself escaping, before you leave this house, as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch, and drop their nets, and after awhile come ashore, pulling in the nets without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the Gospel net is strong. O thou who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us how to cast the net on the right side of the ship.

Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation, or trial, or betrayal, you have

come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature; the gate of the head, and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword-stroke for sword-stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house, you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you now with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm; blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life and die the same peaceful death? I hold in my hand a letter, sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future, and to have faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality, and look upon the death-bed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done?" Ah! scepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it? You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church. There are men standing in the front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out, and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God a sort of play-spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted iron and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we draw a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with both hands extended towards you. In one hand I have the Bible, and in the other hand I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better.

I invite you back into the good old-fashioned religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshipped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

If, with all the influences favorable for a right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder is it when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue, and pulls a man down with hands of destruction? If, under such circumstances, he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side, and bend, and twist, and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last as "with the skin of his teeth."

The ship Emma, bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on, when the man on the look-out saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a sea-gull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the

wreck, and found that it was a cap-sized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way up out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well-nigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work, the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped—escaped only "with the skin of their teeth." There are men who have been capsized of evil passions, and capsized mid-ocean, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away, and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless now they will hoist some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it, and bear down upon the helpless craft, and take them on board; and it will be known on earth and in heaven how narrowly they escaped, "escaped as with the skin of their teeth."

There are others who in attempting to come to God, must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at ten o'clock in the morning, and come away at three o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion; but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise to sunset, and have been for five years going behind in business, and are frequently dunned by creditors whom you cannot pay, and when from Monday morning until Saturday night, you are dodging bills that you cannot meet? You walk day by day in uncertainties that have kept your brain on fire for the past three years. Some with less business troubles than you have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the back counting-room, and gone in, and found the chief man of the firm a raving maniac; or the wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor, and gone in, stumbling over the dead body of her husband—a suicide. There are men pursued, harassed, trodden down, and scalped of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right direction he will crown with success. Do not let Satan, with cotton bales, and kegs, and hogheads, and counters, and stocks of unsalable goods, block up your way to heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God, and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal," and then bound away for heaven, escaping "as with the skin of your teeth."

This world is a poor portion for your soul, oh, business man! An Eastern king had graven on his tomb two fingers, represented as sounding on each other with a snap, and under them the motto, "All is not worth that." Apollonius Coelius hanged himself because his steward informed him that he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world; but when he was dying, a woman came rushing through the crowd, crying to him, "Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!" Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its Anathema Maranatha.

Oh, find your peace in God. Make one strong pull for heaven. No half-way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when everything must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lip and shouts, "Cut away the mast." Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have, in your efforts to keep the world well night lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter, let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens. You will have to drop the sails of your pride, and cut away the mast. With one earnest cry for help, put your cause into the hand of him who helped Paul out of the breakers of Melita, and who, above the shrill blast of the wrathful tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean, can hear the faintest imploration for mercy.

I shall close this sermon feeling that some of you, who have considered your case as hopeless, will take heart again, and that with a blood-red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the Gospel—at last to look back, saying, "What a great risk I ran! Almost lost, but saved! Just got through, and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth."

Practical Christianity.

Rev. J. H. Duncan of Watrous, Kan., dismissed his congregation Sunday, and leading them to a wheat field, directed and worked with them in stacking Farmer Rappleye's wheat. When the minister, who had already commenced the services, noticed a storm approaching, he slowly closed his open Bible and said, "Brethren, I believe in worshipping God, but a heavy rain is coming up and Neighbor Rappleye's wheat is in danger we will close the sermon and help him stack it."

True Heroism.

A Wellsville, N. Y., woman, carrying a baby in her arms, stepped upon the railroad track in front of an approaching train to rescue her pet dog. She and the child will die, but the pampered pride of the household escaped without the loss of a single curl in his lovely caudal appendage. The days of heroic deeds are not yet passed.